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A PESSIMIST'S VIEW.



PESSIMIST" writes to The Evening World criticising President Roosevelt's condemnation of "race suicide." He argues that more conscientiousness and less selfishness is shown by not having children unless their physical and financial heritage is such that they will enjoy life. Continuing this line of argument "Pessimist" says:

Suppose a man be living a life such as he would not conscientiously wish to a dog. Is it his moral duty to bestow such a life upon numerous offspring?

It is all very well for those of President Roosevelt's strata to admonish the common people as he does. He has everything his heart can wish for. He does not have to hang on to a strap three-quarters of an hour morning and night in a Subway

car, compressed so that it is difficult to breathe even the putrid air there is there. His daughters do not have to make any moral sacrifices to earn their daily bread. He does not feel the oppression of the hundred and one trusts that make life as well-nigh intolerable in America as in Russia. He is not worrled unto sickness through fear of to-morrow. He has no

landlord to demand 50 per cent, of his earnings, This is the conscientious man's dilemma. How can I both "multiply my kind upon the earth" and at the same time "do unto others as I would be done by?"

Reasoning as "Pessimist" does, he should have no children. Thus his kind will become extinct. It is so in all forms of animal and plant life. The survival of the fittest does not mean the fittest intellettually or spiritually, but only those whom their environment fits. Either the social and the economic conditions of city life must be changed or men upon whom these conditions grate must drop out. The simplest

way to eliminate any class of the population is for them to cease to have children or for their children to

Women who will not or cannot wash, cook or do housework and raise children must either marry men rich enough to support them or their kind will become extinct. Men whose salaries are not sufficient to keep up their scale of living, and in addition to pay the cost of raising children, must go without one or the other.

When people develop their desires more rapidly

somewhere. And it is far better to bring no children into the world than to give them only a heritage of

As faithfully as physical qualities are inherited so are mental attitudes and aptitudes transmitted From father to son. A strong constitution, a good digestion, a vigorous heart and sound lungs are inheritable. So are a cheerful disposition, a contented nature, a hopeful view of life. Pessimism is as inheritable as tuberculosis. A man who has consumption has no right to have children. Neither has a man to whom this world is a wretched place, full of sorrow and unescapable wrongs.

Either the world must be made over to fit everybody in it or those whom it does not fit will be eliminated,

POST-OFFICE CLERKS.



OMPLAINT is made by the Post-Office clerks that the eight-hour law is not observed in their work. A committee has written to The Evening World charging that the clerks have to work overtime without extra pay, and that their hours are so uncertain as to interfere with the rest and recreation to which they are entitled.

After a long struggle the letter-carriers succeeded in forcing the observance of the eight-hour law in their case; the Post-Office

clerks will have to go through what should be a needless task, of compelling their superior officials to observe the

The minor employees of the Post-Office Department are an unusually faithful body of public servants. They should be treated better. Especially should the condition of the clerks be improved both in the hours of their work and in the nature of their workrooms. The sub-basements of the Post-Office are so unsanitary thet a private employer would be prohibited from using them as workrooms.

Letters from the People.

The Peanut-Shell Nuisance. To the Editor of The Evening World In reply to "P. Knutt-Haug." I agre with him fully that peanut-muncher should have special cars to ride in These should be outtle cars, so that re- vard.

being annoyed by such people. G. F. E.

The Work and the Reward. To the Editor of The Evening World

rendt une to write a few lines in behalf of office boys. I myself am one are better teachers; (2) It costs the of them. I think it perfectly outrageous city less to employ them; (3) they are the way some of us are treated. What's more willing to enter a profession in our reward? Nothing but from \$2 to \$5 which the amount of work, drudgery a week. Furthermore, if one does not and monotony are so large compared make a record for speed and accuracy with the resulting emolument and rehe is considered a failure.

"Enited States Ship."

We the Eliter of The Evening World: What is the sneuning of the letters Fil. S. S." on the caps of our sailors?

"Beauty Boulevard."

et as the matinees are over Saturday teachers a wage equal to a man's afternoon. You will see more pretty

girls than in the same space anywhere else on earth. If there were so many pretty girls anywhere else on earth that city would become famous. Broadway it that hour and day is Beauty Boule

The "Equal Pay" Question.

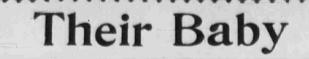
spectable passengers could ride without To the Editor of The Evening World: Women are employed in the public school system of Greater New York in mumbers overwhelming as compared with the number of men. There are three possible causes for this: (1) They nown. Suppose the first reason to be BROAD STREET OFFICE BOY. the true reason, then women are granted as superior teachers and should receive superior, not inferior, pay. Sup-pose the second reason be true, then surely the woman has a right to complain, for she is worse paid than the man. If, however, the third reason be the correct one. then a woman who will To the Editor of The Evening World:

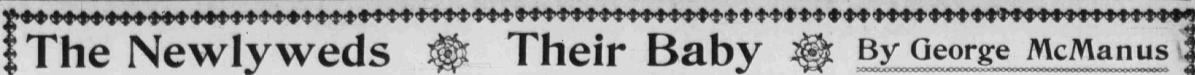
If you readers want a free sight of the renown should at least get material compensation adequate to her efik up or down Broadway between forts. New York City should feel it simple justice to pay the said women

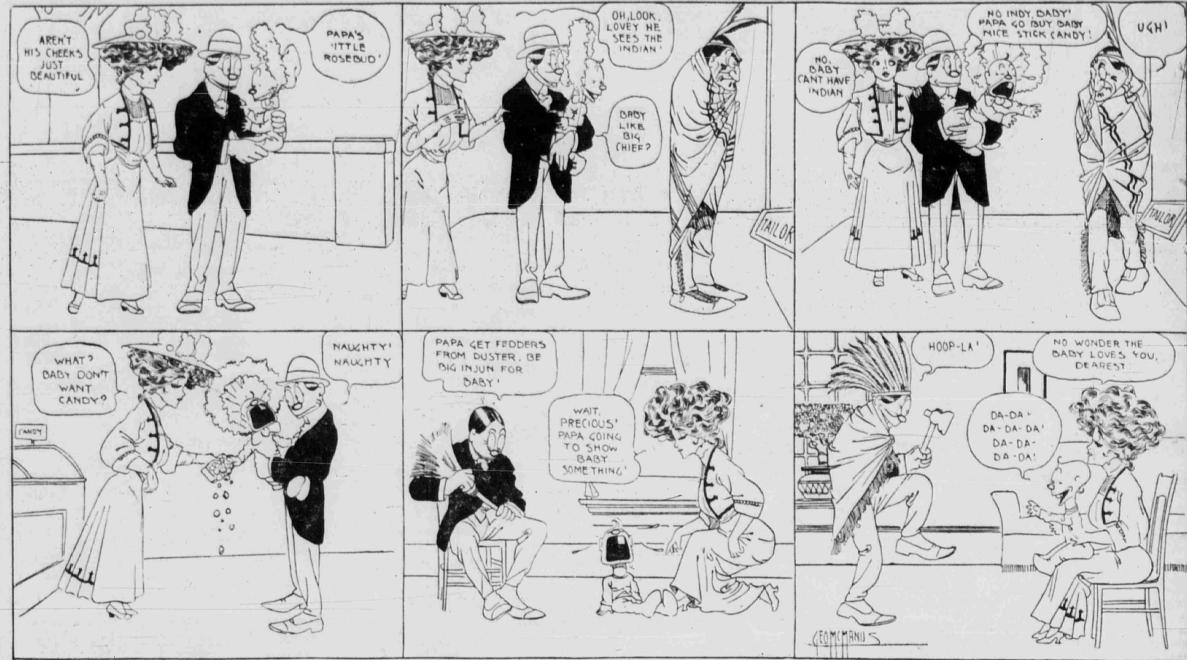
ELIZABETH M. JELIFFE.

hallos

The Newlyweds A Their Baby







than the means of gratifying them there is suffering A Smile That Is Worth While



FORMER New York lawyer, now a convict felon, him as he hears himself condemned to death. Western civilization in the East. We have, it is true, given heavily on her shoulders constitute a tragedy.

he had just had the Yellow Jacket and the peacock's feather conferred upon countenance o misfortune. The smile is worth while.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

A who figured prominently in the Thaw trial, is going. This is to a certain extent an excellent spirit to cultivate. The joys of life to jail to-day. Last week he gave a going-away ban-are said to be mostly in anticipation. However this may be, its terrors cerquet to his friends in celebration of the coming event. It tainly are. Have you not often found yourself commiserating this feature of seems as if it were becoming a fashion to give a commemorative banquet no matter what happens. W. E. Corey gave one when his first wife obtained a divorce. He gave another the other day when he married a second time. Apparently we now feast our joys and wors impartially, and more and more people are learning to greet good or evil brothers and sisters sighs sympathetically when the course of true love runs roughly till the last chapter of the library book she reads on her way to work, our midst, we have heard a great deal of the triumph of

the Oriental nations our many inventions. But is not their Eastern philosophy conquering us? A Chinaman is the things themselves. And he or she who has mastered imagination has said to believe that it does not matter if he loses the whole also mastered fate. Some people, to be sure, get along just as well because world provided he saves his "face," which, I take it, means looking as though they have no imaginations. But, for whatever reason, men present a smiling



F you are going to hold that umbrella over me, do so!" said Mrs. Jarr sharply, as she walked to the cor with her husband during one of the recent showers. "I'm holding it over you, ain't I?" asked Mr. Jarr.

BY ROY L. MECARDELL

You are holding it over yourself, and it's dripping on my hat, and this dress spots terribly," said Mrs. Jarr, peev-

"There, now, is that better?" asked Mr. Jarr, as he shifted the umbrella over a bit.

"Yes, it is, if you'll only keep it like that," said Mrs. Jarr. "I don't see how it is, but after a man is married he never seems to care how he holds an umbrella! When we were keeping company you could take me out in a hard shower and neither one of us would get a drop on us. Ah! here she sighed, "you used to keep close to me those days!"

"I keep close to you now, too," said Mr. Jarr, "but the trouble is you're "What!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Fat? Why, I don't weigh any more than I ever did. I wear the same size corset, and this dress, well, I'd hate to say how old

it is, and look how loose it is." "It must have stretched, then," said Mr. Javr. "You are getting fat, and

that's all there is to it.' "This weather is bad enough-there you go, letting the drippings on my hat again—now you're crushing the feathers'—without your trying to say disagreeable things to me," said Mrs. Jarr, petulantly—"I am not stout. I lent my raincoat to Clare Merdle, and you know how alim she fa, and it fitted her perfectly!" "Oh, all right, all right!" said Mr. Jarr uneasily. "Maybe you aren't any stouter, but you are looking well, anyway."

I don't see how that can be, after all the worries I have on my shoulders." said Mrs. Jarr. "It's a wonder I'm not as thin as a rail! The jacket of this dress is made so full and the sleeves are so large-in fact, it's so terribly out of style that if it wasn't such awful weather I'd be ashamed to wear it, but I have so few clothes that I can't afford to ruin any good dress I have in the rain, but it would be better for me to do that; you'd think more of me, I know you would, if I was wasteful and didn't take care of my things. But to say I'm fat! The idea!"

didn't say it, or that is, I guess it's the dress," said Mr. Jarr. "Even if I should get rilittle stouter it would be becoming to me," said Mrs. "Because I've a good figure, but your sister, she looks terrible since she got so fat. Makes her so matronly, too."

"She thinks you're stouter than she is." said Mr. Jarr unthinkingly. "She's never happy unless she can say something mean" snapped Mrs. Jare. "I think she puts those things in your head just so you'll say them to me!" "It's stopped raining," said Mr. Jarr, eager to change the subject. "I'll take the umbrella."

"No you won't," said Mrs. Jarr. "You lose every single umbrella I let you have. And this is my best silk one. You go to your office and I'll attend to my shopping, and I'll take care of the umbrella, too. I hear! Mrs. Grimshaw say It was a bad sign if a man didn't forget his umbrella, though," continued Mrx.

Jarr. "She said it shows he's been in the company of women, because they always remind a man when he is going that he brought an umbrella with him. Duty when he's with men he forgets it and so do they."

"Better make an acid test of it then," said Mr. Jarr, "and let me have the umbrella. You'll have a lot of parcels to carry and it isn't going to rain any more. Better let me take care of it."

"And have you leave it in a saloon," said Mrs. Jarr.
"I'm not going to any saloon," said Mr. Jarr. "A person would think, to hear you talk, that I don't do anything else."

"And a person would think, to hear you talk, that I weighed 400 pounds and had a double chin!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Can't I say a thing without you thinking I'm trying to hurt your feelings?"

"Not when you twit me with getting fat. I'm not getting fat," said Mra.

Jarr, and so they parted. When Mr. Jarr came home Mrs. Jarr had just got in from shopping. "

bought a Prince Chap dress, ready made," she said gleefully. "It was the last one left of that size and it fits me like a glove. Now you'll see that I'm not fat." "There it goes, raining again," said Mr. Jarr. "Give me the umbrella. T forgot to get the evening papers." "Oh," said Mrs. Jarr awkwardly, "I left the umbrella in the street car. No.

maybe it was at the ribbon counter at the first store. Now, don't you start to street-car offices we may find that it was an honest conductor and he turned it n, although most men think umbrellas are common property."
"But suppose you left it in the store?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Then we'll never see it again," said Mrs. Jarr sadly. "I never saw a woman et who was honest about an umbrella-if it was a good one!"

One-Pound "Sleeve Dogs,"

HE Japanese spaniel, or sleeve-dog of Japan, is one of the long-coated varieties which is much admired. They have been hard to acclimatize and many discourageheats have been met with in their introduction. They have large hoads, with hig dark eyes set wide apart and very full. Their little tails curi up over their backs like feather dusters. One pound is the true

Wasps Used Instead of Fly Screens.

Wasps prey on dies a fact which is well known in Italy. On any summer or early autumn day in the Tuscan country parts, when the property is blankered by or early autumn day in the Tuscan country parts, when the luncheos down, select a fly, roll it over, curl it up and carry it out into the sunskine and soon return for another.

